

# The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## VIVIER.

A SERIES of papers have been written, expressly for the *Musical World*, by an able and experienced pen, on the life and genius of this ighly gifted artist. The first will appear in our next number.

Vivier has reappeared among us, and his name is likely to figure conspicuously in the musical programmes of the season, both metropolitan and provincial. This will be welcome intelligence to all who admire talent at once original and expressive. Nothing we can say, however, would induce a more general feeling among musicians and the public in favour of Vivier both as a man and as an artist than exists already; and we shall leave the analysis of his many gifts to those more capable than ourselves of doing them justice.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from page 126).

THE *Art de Phraser*, Op. 16,\* consists of twenty-four studies, of various lengths, in all the major and minor keys, in the course of which almost every kind of measure and rhythm, simple and compound, is employed. The pupil who diligently practices these studies will soon acquire the most important element of expression—a satisfactory manner of phrasing, without which the utmost mechanical facility becomes cold and monotonous. This is the principal aim of Mr. Heller in the present work. Each of the studies is a song, more or less elaborately developed, with a peculiar figure of accompaniment. In some the melody is given to the right hand entirely, in others to the left, and as often it is divided between the two; occasionally the song is confided to the bass throughout, occasionally to the top line, and sometimes arranged in the form of duet. Almost every species of figure is employed in the accompaniments, and out of the four and twenty studies there are not two which bear any resemblance to each other. The style is exquisitely finished, and the effects, though various and rich, are never irrelevant to the instrument for which they are composed. Except some of those in extreme keys the studies are of moderate difficulty, within the reach of performers of modest pretensions. Viewed in this light alone the *Art de Phraser* is the most attractive, as well as the most useful, compendium of practice which the pianoforte possesses. It advances the taste of the pupil while it assists the development of his mechanical capability. At the same time there is quite enough of purely musical interest in them to enchain the admiration of the most cultivated professor of the art. We had entered into a separate analysis of each of the twenty-four studies; but on further reflection, having so much to say on works of greater length and importance, we have come to the

conclusion that the introduction of such minute criticism into these papers would be superfluous to the plan which led to their composition, and would, moreover, occupy too large a space in the already overcrowded columns of the *Musical World*. We may therefore leave the *Art de Phraser* with the general recommendation embodied in the foregoing remarks, backed by the simple asseveration that a more profitable compendium of exercises for the pianoforte, or a better introduction to the elaborate and difficult works of the greatest masters ancient and modern, does not exist. They teach style and execution together, through the fascinating medium of music at once simple expressive and beautiful. Had M. Stephen Heller produced nothing else, the *Art de Phraser* would alone have sufficed to rank him among the most original and distinguished of modern composers for the piano. Let us hope that this strong and sincere testimony to their value may serve to draw the attention of the professors and students of Great Britain to their merits. The London edition of Messrs Wessel is divided into four books, each book containing six studies, and of course to be had separately.

## CARLOTTA CRISI.

THE new triumph of this most gifted and fascinating of danseuses has been the universal theme of praise among all our cotemporaries. That the *ballet* has now every chance of being restored to all its ancient popularity—that the days of *Esmeralda*, *Giselle*, and the *Pas de Quatre*, are about to be revived—seems to be the general opinion. Mr. Lumley has it in his power to re-erect that fairy castle, in which, of yore, he was enabled "to see as from a tower, the end of all"—to mock at competition from an airy height—to watch the battle of contending speculations from an eminence, himself unscathed, untouched, according to the simile of Lucretius Carus, in his book upon the Nature of Things. Mr. Lumley has it in his power, we repeat, to reconstruct the empyreal edifice in which he was wont to live alone, like some old necromancer, stirring the world with his enchantments. Mr. Lumley has M. Paul Taglioni, a *matre de ballet* of lively fancy and keen intelligence; he has M. Gosselin, who in the subordinate duties of the office of ballet-master, knows no rival; he has Marie Taglioni, who is as tall as she is pretty, as pretty as she is tall, as clever as she is both, and as popular as she is all three; he has M. Charles, the youngest and most promising male dancer of the day; he has Amalia Ferraris, the new *danseuse*, with feet of steel, whose late success is still ringing in the ears of the Opera frequenters; he has Mr. Marshall, one of the most picturesque and fanciful of scene-painters; he has the handsome and most efficient of *corps de ballet*; he has Madame Copère, who knows so well how to keep them in order, and exercises her functions with such zeal and such discretion; and last, which should have been first,

\* Dedicated to Mlle. Josephine Rist.

he has CARLOTTA GRISI—the most accomplished and graceful dancer, and the most consummate and expressive mimist in the world. What else does Mr. Lumley want to re-endow the *ballet* with more than its pristine beauty, to re-inspire the taste among his fashionable and aristocratic patrons which shall constitute it a matter of profit as well as of magnificence?

Meanwhile *Les Metamorphoses*, with “the peerless Carlotta Grisi” (as a contemporary fitly styles her) as the heroine, is a good beginning. Let that be followed up. Let M. Paul Taglioni set his wits to work upon a new *ballet* for Carlotta; or, if he have not time, let the *Filleule des Fées*, or parts of it, be placed upon the stage of Her Majesty’s Theatre. Mr. Marshall’s water effects were triumphantly exhibited in *Coralie*; and the great scene of the fountains, in which Carlotta has one of the most piquant and brilliant of her *pas seuls*, could not be in better hands. The *Theatre de la Nation* might be rivalled, if not beaten. Mr. Lumley can do anything, with his own originality and readiness of invention, the large and various means at his command, and the all-important aid of Carlotta Grisi. A month of the two months’ engagement of this exquisite *danseuse* has already nearly gone. One only remains, and that over, if Carlotta be allowed to fly away, who can say *when* she may return to England? Every one knows she has a superb engagement for St. Petersburg this year, and that St. Petersburg has fascinations not easy for an artist to resist. The Emperor loves the *ballet* to idolatry. It is the only public amusement of which he is passionately fond. With such temptations Carlotta, if she be not frozen motionless, might be induced to remain at St. Petersburg, and make her nest. She is a bird of golden plumage, but she has quick wings that sparkle as they flap. Mr. Lumley must cut them off, and disable her from going. Mr. Lumley must keep her for himself. If Carlotta goes, *who* is to replace her? Not Rosati—not Cerito—not Amalia Ferraris.

#### THE EASTERN AMUSEMENTS.

WITH one or two exceptions, all the London theatres entertained their patrons with an Eastern piece on Monday last. Tale of faery, burlesque, broad farce, and melo-dramatic pantomime, engaged the exclusive attention of our various reporters. Happily, musical societies, and *entrepreneurs* of every grade are accustomed to avoid Easter Monday, as a day so taken up by purely theatrical amusements, that to advertise a concert, oratorio, or opera, would be to solicit the attendance of the winds and showers of April. Moreover, Easter Monday, this year, fell upon the first of April, and though there are plenty of fools and “*poissons*” (as the French call them) in London, there are very few of them who are amateurs of music. So that with the exception of Mr. Henry Phillips, who gallantly announced the first of a series of Monday evening entertainments, at St. Martin’s Hall, nothing in the shape of music invited the presence of any of our numerous reporters and contributors. But, without further preliminary, let us at once proceed to notice the performances at the theatres, beginning, according to time-honoured custom, with Patent-Old-Drury.

#### DRURY LANE.

The performances commenced with, what a morning contemporary graphically describes as the “dull and lugubrious drama of *Jane Shore*.” Mr. Nicholas Rowe was a great man in his day, but the age has grown out of him. On this occasion, at least, the *chef d’œuvre* of that particularly prosy playwright (pardon the

alliteration), seemed unpleasant to the “gods,” whose impatience was manifested in so noisy a fashion, that the tragedy was performed, for the most part, in pantomime. The ire of the gallery occupants, however, was, at last, appeased by the new fairy drama, written and composed by Mr. G. H. Rodwell, called the *Devil’s Ring*, in three acts and four elements, one of the most gorgeous and brilliant spectacles that has been produced of late years. The story may be told in few words. The Princess Evelino (Miss E. Nelson), daughter of Prince Ottacar, has been abducted from her paternal home by a wizard, and at the opening of the piece a throng of knights are discovered at an auberge, returning from unsuccessful attempts to gain the Devil’s ring, the possession of which will secure the liberation of the Princess. The ring can only be obtained by one who is neither untrue in honour nor false in love, and Herbert (Miss F. Huddart), a young minstrel, undertakes to achieve the difficult task, despite the jeers of the discomfited knights. In pursuit of his object, it is necessary that he should pass through the four elements,—fire, water, earth, and air, and he has to combat at every step the jealous opposition of the wizard, who is enamoured of his fair prize. After passing through the realms of fire in Mount Etna, making a descent over the great Fall of Niagara, and undergoing a captivity which threatened to be perpetual in the “diamond caves of California,” Herbert succeeds in overcoming the power of the magician, makes his way on eagle’s wings to the regions of air, and having rescued the Princess from the Palace of Rainbows, is united to her with the full consent of her grateful father, the Prince Ottacar. The plot is elaborate, but an opportunity is afforded for the display of some beautiful scenery, and some new and striking mechanical effects. The comic business rests with Franco (Mr. S. Artaud), a brother of Herbert, enamoured of Leila (Miss Rafter), the Princess’s attendant, who is made an unwilling participator in most of his brother’s adventures, and with Whirlburg (Mr. Seymour), slave of the ring, an agile sprite, who exercises a beneficent influence over the fortunes of Herbert. Several songs and duets were sung with taste and animation by Miss Rafter and Miss Nelson, and in the second act some pretty dancing is executed by the *corps de ballet*. The piece has been got up with the utmost care and attention. Among the scenery, the City and Harbour of Catauea, the City of the Fountains, a Sicilian vineyard, and the Hall of the Hundred Knights, were specially deserving of commendation, and elicited the applause of the audience. The last-named scene, where Herbert and his bride make a triumphal entry in a car drawn by three real horses, preceded by a grand procession of knights, men-at-arms, and attendants, was one of the most gorgeous we have witnessed on the stage. In the third act the action was somewhat tame, and the interest began to flag, but this was probably owing to some unavoidable delay in the “set” of the scenes, to be obviated in future representations. We would, however, recommend curtailment of the “terrific combat between Herbert and the Sable Knight,” which was so long protracted that sibilations proceeded even from those who regard such encounters with peculiar favour. Mr. Anderson was loudly called for at the close of the performance, and announced the piece for repetition amid general applause.

Next to “Patent-Old-Drury,” by right of position, no less than of convention, comes Mr. Webster’s well-conducted, long established, and deservedly patronised theatre, in the

#### HAYMARKET.

This theatre commenced its Easter operations on Monday night with Shakspeare and Brough Brothers—the former supplying *Much Ado about Nothing*; the latter a grand publication in foolscap, called the *Last Edition of Ivanhoe*, with all the *Newest Improvements*.

On this occasion Shakspeare was well supported, having to rejoice in the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Keeley, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, &c. Of this performance we have already spoken before, and need not speak again.

Brough Brothers were still better supported in their new piece. The whole *élite* of the Haymarket comic company was employed in the cast. We beg pardon—Mr. Tilbury was *not* included. And

here we cannot help expressing our astonishment that Mr. Webster should not make use of this transcendent burlesque actor in Christmas and Easter pieces. If the manager could only prevail upon Mr. Tilbury to play a part seriously, it would be the greatest burlesque he could present to the audience. We would suggest for Mr. Tilbury's first appearance in the line, *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, but all in seriousness. Such a performance would outweigh all that could be effected by the wit and fertility of Brough Brothers, the excellence of the Haymarket company, and the utmost splendour and completeness in the production.

In the new Easter piece, Brough Brothers have equalled, if not surpassed, the best of their previous efforts. If the idea be not so novel and surprising as that upon which the *Sphinx* was founded, the dialogue is as smartly written, and the scenery of a superior kind. *Ivanhoe*, moreover, has the advantage of a stronger cast. Indeed, in this respect, we may say no burlesque hitherto produced has been so complete in its *dramatis personæ*. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Bland, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Caulfield, Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, with some of the minorities, all appeared. Neither has any production at this theatre excelled *Ivanhoe* in the gorgeousness of its scenic and decorative accessories, nor in the magnificence of its costumes, nor in its perfect *ensemble*. A great and inevitable triumph was achieved by Brough Brothers on Monday.

The story is taken entirely from Scott's novel, from which it departs only by the necessities involved in stage curtailments and the rigid laws of burlesque. In one instance our good friends Brough Brothers have, we think, unnecessarily and unwisely doffed the cap and bells, and donned the serious robe of the critic. We see no objection to the brisk twain handing over Rebecca to Ivanhoe to be married at the end of the piece, no more than we should if Isaac of York was made to wed Gurth's mother, or Wamba the fair Rowena; but when the authors gravely state, as their reasons for their departure from the novel, that poetical justice requires Ivanhoe to be made happy with Rebecca, and that ninety-nine out of every hundred readers must feel the necessity of such a termination to the plot, we take leave to tell the talented brothers that they have fallen into a gross error. No poetical justice demands an utter impossibility—the marriage of a Jewess with a Christian at the period of the Crusades; nor have we ever heard a single reader who did not look upon the catastrophe of *Ivanhoe* as one of the most truthful and powerful and satisfactory ever written. It is certain our interest in Rebecca makes us lament that any barriers should exist between her and Ivanhoe. But take away these barriers, and we deprive Rebecca of her sorrows, her heroism, and her strength of mind: in short, marry her to Ivanhoe and she is no longer the Rebecca immortalised in Scott's pages. In the same spirit it did Nahum Tate and his fellows fritter away the sublime realities of *King Lear*, and alter the catastrophe to suit their frigid notions of poetical justice. But even in the face of Nahum Tate and his fellows, and despite the alleged opinion of ninety-nine out of every hundred—a fallacy, Brough Brothers, a fallacy—we should agree with William Shakspeare and Walter Scott—two W. S.s, what a coincidence—who, on such points, are to us no mean authorities.

But all this while we may be fighting with a shadow. It is most probable that Brough Brothers intend this for the best joke in the piece. It must be so; and the only issue of our animadversions is to find that we have made an April Fool of ourselves. Thank you, Masters Brough, for the *sell*.

Having said so much about nothing, we have left ourselves but little room to enter into particulars of the piece. The story opens with the banquet of Cedric, at which most of the characters make their appearance, and concludes with the storming of the castle and delivery of Ivanhoe and Rebecca. Cedric is played by Mr. Bland, who has a congenial part in the bluff, rough, Brough old Saxon. He sings a parody on the "Fine old English Gentleman," the most remarkable thing in which is that it has a verse too much. Isaac (Keeley) enters as an old Jew clothesman. The character is an excellent hit, and a hard one, at the slopseller. Sir Brian de Bore Guilbert (Mr. Selby) comes as a Frenchman who speaks broken English. Mr. Selby's English was so broken that we could not catch half what he said; Brough Brothers' manifold good things suffered consequently. Buckstone's Wamba is one of the best parts in the piece. He has a stock of jokes would set up a second-

hand Joe Miller. We missed our old friend Gurth every time we saw Wamba, and expected he would come on with Fangs—poor Fangs the wounded!—and his grunting herd. Mrs. Keeley as Ivanhoe played in her own unapproachable manner, and uttered her many pungent sayings so that not a word of the authors was suffered to escape the ear. We wish we could say as much for some others of the performers. The whole of the first scene was admirably managed, an incessant fire of smart jokes being kept up from beginning to end. The tournament scene was excellent, and the mock fights on the hobby horses must have proved highly gratifying to the juvenile part of the spectators. The first act is decidedly the best. The scene in the forest commencing act second, between Robin Hood and his merry men, is somewhat tedious, and, though abounding in shrewd hits and pointed allusions to the current topics of the day, more especially to Snig's End and Feargus O'Connor, its pertinency was not evident. Nor did this part of the performance go smoothly. Some of the actors appeared to have forgotten Brough Brothers altogether. The last tableau, illustrative of the "Grand Exposition of all Nations," is extremely splendid and tasteful. Coming after three somewhat sombre scenes it was particularly striking. An allegorical representation of Britannia is given at the back of the stage, completing a very imposing *coup d'œil*.

With respect to the music, while doing every justice to Mr. J. G. Reed, whose selection and arrangements are worthy of his taste and talent, we think more popular airs might have been found for introduction; and the best comment on what we have been saying is evidenced in the fact, that not one song was encored during the evening. This is unusual in a piece in which Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Miss P. Horton sing. The only airs at once recognised by the audience were "A fine old English Gentleman," and "Sam Hall." The first is too long, and the second too Coal-holeish and Cider-cellarish. On a former occasion we had occasion to find fault with Brough Brothers, for introducing "Sam Hall" to the Haymarket audiences. We must now rate them more soundly than formerly, call on them to forbear for the future, and tell them we are surprised they cannot see that such a class of songs is entirely local, and therefore not adapted for burlesque. The travestied words were good, and Keeley's singing was grotesquely transcendent, and the trombone, moreover, who supplied the damnation, excellent; nevertheless, the song was a sealed book to all except gents, late taverners, and lads of the gas. Two-thirds of the house did not understand what it meant, or why a few voices applauded so lustily. Neither do we admire the custom of bringing in Italian scenes on every occasion to exhibit the vocal powers of Miss P. Horton and Mrs. Keeley. In the new burlesque Miss P. Horton introduces, in one long song, Rubini's dying cavatina, from the *Lucia*, and Grisi's Polacca, from *Puritani*, which, however vocally effective, was verbally inaudible. Mrs. Keeley has an attempt at the "Still so gently o'er me stealing," an effort to reach the impossible, praiseworthy, no doubt, but not quite satisfactory. Miss P. Horton can sing well, and has a good voice, and we should have no objection at any time to hear her sing seriously any Italian scena of which she is capable; but in a burlesque we desire to hear the words, which we never can when Italian music is made the vehicle to convey them. Ballads, plain unfurnished, are the properest medium in music for transmitting a series of witticisms, of which the songs in burlesques are invariably composed. Let Mr. Reed not disregard our hints.

The pieces were received with tremendous cheers, and all the performers were summoned before the curtain. Then a universal cry was raised for Brough Brothers, the indefatigable, merry, and side-splitting twain, which they obeyed with an alacrity and readiness of will showing they were the public's most obedient and humble servants to command.

After the Haymarket precedence must be taken by the first and last, the best because only, musical theatre in this wide and much-peopled metropolis.

#### THE PRINCESS'S.

The entertainments at this theatre began with the *Beggar's Opera*, with a remarkable cast, including Miss Louisa Pyne as Polly, Mrs. Weiss as Lucy, and Mr. Harrison as Captain Mat-



heath, &c. &c. But our business is not with the opera—the *Beggar's Opera* is still called an opera—but with the “new, grand Oriental tale of enchantment,” *The Queen of the Roses, or the Sorcerer of Candahar*. “We remember the time,” exclaims our admirable contemporary the *Morning Herald*, “when the latter part of the title would have made our youthful hair stand on end with dread.” We, alas! remember no such time; in our earliest youth we were bald and grey.\* The plot of the piece is, or ought to be, as follows:—The Sorcerer of Candahar is desperately in love with a slave, whom he has picked up at a low figure in the market. Nerilha, the slave, simple and unsophisticated, cannot understand the meaning of love, except as applied to flowers, and the Sorcerer seeks in vain to inspire her with a mutual flame. Stung with resentment, he immures her in his laboratory without hope of escape. Fortunately for his intended victim, the Sorcerer is immersed in business of a public nature, and is compelled to absent himself for a few hours, having an appointment to meet some brother necromancers at a cabalistic quarter sessions, a few thousand miles off. During his absence two female friends of poor Nerilha contrive to gain access to her, and with female curiosity begin to pry into the old gentleman's secrets. They possess themselves of his wand, but lack the skill to use it, when on a sudden they espy the cabalistic volume—the necromancer's text-book—as brimful of recipes as M. Soyer's *ménagère*. The volume, singularly enough, being in the vernacular, they are enabled to make a selection without difficulty. It appears that by the aid of certain manipulations, they can gratify any wish they may cherish in their hearts. The general cry is for a dance; but no partners being at hand, they wish all the inanimate objects in the room to be endowed with the power of locomotion. The wand is waved—the mystic sentence uttered—and lo! chairs, tables, settees, in short, all but the landlord's fixtures, begin to move with measured pace, as though Orpheus himself were the fiddler. Much amusement was caused by the graceful evolutions of a carpet-broom, which brought down repeated rounds of applause. This, however, is not their only wish. Nerilha wishes to reign supreme in a region carpeted with roses; while one of her friends, Gulnare, longs to be a Princess. Both are gratified; but the Sorcerer, having at last disposed of his country business, returns and spoils their sport, and attaches some awkward conditions to the gratification of their desires. Nerilha is permitted to become the Queen of Roses, with strict injunctions not to fall in love, kissing being forbidden under the penalty of old age and decrepitude. Things go on smoothly enough in the land of roses, which, by the way, gives an admirable opportunity for beautiful scenery and graceful evolutions on the part of the attendant nymphs, until, in an untoward moment, a young and well-looking Prince makes his appearance. Who can resist a Prince—especially an Eastern Prince—with irresistible turban, and satin nether garments of capacious dimensions and roseate hue? It is not in the nature of things for the female heart to remain firm under such circumstances. Nerilha yields, and from that moment her fate is sealed. She passes in one instant, from nineteen to ninety, while the broad landscape, studded with roses as far as the eye can reach, is at the same moment turned into a blasted heath. Nothing could be more perfect than the manner in which this rapid scenic transformation was effected. Things appear now to have come to a hopeless pass. Nerilha is again in the power of her ruthless persecutor, who, as a measure of precaution, and to prevent idle visits, has taken her to a coral grotto in the profoundest depths of the Indian Ocean. But here again his public duties suspend for a time the ends of justice. He has another engagement with his brother necromancers, but as the place of meeting this time is the interior of a volcano, he deems it prudent to leave not only his books and implements of art behind, but the grosser part of him, his bodily self—albeit his soul, if soul he have, is gross enough in all conscience. Accordingly Atalmac, the necromancer, whose name has for the first time escaped our pen, attends the meeting incorporeally. Nerilha is at a loss what to devise for her liberation, when happily the well known “cabalistic volume” once more meets her delighted view. Turning hastily over its pages, she discovers the means of escape, and the secret by which she may regain her

youth and beauty. The first consists of some magic words, which once uttered, she is transported far away from the valley of Desolation, and very close to the palace of her beloved Sultan. The second, however, is not so easy. She, an old hag, must obtain a kiss from the young and handsome Badel Badour. (Badel Badour, the Sultan, is no other than the Prince of Cashmere—the Land of Roses—the Prince whom we have already mentioned, but whose name has only just occurred to us.) The kiss must be delivered with good will, or it is of no avail. But what is there impossible to woman, especially in an Eastern piece? Nerilha obtains possession of a bouquet of white flowers, which she presents to the Sultan on his bridal day, in return for which she demands the kiss in question. Delighted with the bouquet, Badel Badour is by no means delighted with the bargain, and refuses to seal the compact, until, having presented the flowers to his future bride, Gulnare, he receives a positive command from that lady to bestow upon the old woman whatever recompense she may ask. Yielding to such high authority, the Sultan obeys, and no sooner has he kissed Nerilha than she becomes once more the youthful and lovely flower-girl who had first won his admiration and affection. The white bouquet, moreover, has a magic virtue, by which, if pressed to the bosom of one who prefers another to him who has presented it, it turns red. No sooner has Gulnare accepted it from the Sultan than the metamorphosis of colour takes place. She loves another better than the Sultan, and that other is Aboulfaris, the Sultan's Vizier. But Badel Badour is too happy to be angry, and too glad to be at liberty to espouse his beloved Queen of the Roses; and so, resigning Gulnare to his Vizier, and pardoning both in the bargain (unlike Sultans in ordinary), he throws himself at the feet of Nerilha. And thus the sorcerer, Atalmac, is altogether baffled of his prey.

As a vehicle for the gorgeous and showy in *mise en scène*, this piece is excellent, and the best advantage has been taken of the opportunity it presents. Some of the scenes are beautiful, and among the most striking may be mentioned the “Enchanted Gardens,” the “Submarine Grotto,” and the “Distant view of Delhi.” The costumes are glittering, splendid, and new; the dances and stage arrangements picturesque, and there are some novel effects of gas, which give an almost unknown colour to the glare distributed over the tableau at the fall of the curtain. The parts are well enough acted. Miss Louisa Howard, as Nerilha, looks pretty, and displays a great deal of melodramatic talent; in the assumption of the old woman's voice and gait she was especially happy. Miss Villars, an old favourite, proved herself of more than common value in the character of Gulnare; this lady not only acts with great vivacity and point, but sings exceedingly well, and is very generally useful. Every well wisher of Mr. Maddox will congratulate him on the return of this intelligent and popular actress to the boards of the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Ryder made the Sorcerer as gloomy and serious as need be; and Mr. Forman, who exulted in sundry vocal exhibitions, appeared to please the audience by his earnest endeavours to be funny. Two small comic parts, acted with humour by Miss Saunders and Mr. Honey, kept up the spirit of the scene. The music, of which a more than usual quantity is introduced, has been very cleverly put together by Mr. Loder, who presided in the orchestra. Much of it was from Haley's opera, *Les Fées aux Roses*, of which, from the book by Scribe, *The Queen of the Roses* is almost a literal translation. Some of it was by Mr. Loder himself, and where comparisons could be made they were certainly in favour of our countryman, the gifted author of *The Night Dancers*. *The Queen of the Roses* was completely successful, the favourable verdict of the audience at the fall of the curtain being unanimous.

After the Princess's comes the theatre which has recently gained such a high reputation and filled its coffers to overflowing, by the influence of the enchanted brush of Mr. Beverly, the most rising scene-painter of the day, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Stanfield will, in all probability, fall. We mean the

#### THE LYCEUM.

There was little real necessity on the part of the management of this daintily-conducted theatre, to bring out any novelty in compliance with this prescriptive Easter custom, for the *Island of Jewels*.

\* It is not the editor of the *M. W.*, who speaks.—Ed. *M. W.* Nor is it the sub-editor.—D. R.

has scarcely abated one jot of its attraction. It still stands prominently in the bills, and no doubt will continue to do so, notwithstanding the production of the extravaganza founded upon Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia*, which was played on Monday night. The spirit of decorative enterprise which has so liberally presided over all the works of this class which have been prepared for this house at the holiday periods, has again come forth in its brightest force, undiminished by collateral successes. Dresses of the most expensive quality have been provided, and scenery of the most exquisite design painted; and no *ensemble* of a like character could be more brilliant in its details, or more artistically perfect as a whole.

Our commendation, however, is chiefly confined to the decorations, for Mr. Planché has not been particularly felicitous in his literary treatment of the original text. He has had unaccommodating materials to deal with, and the comicalities which one looks for in the doggerel lyrics of this class of entertainments are scattered widely, calling loudly for an amount of compression that will take one hour at least out of the piece. The old pastoral, which was formerly a stock afterpiece at the national theatres, is, in a word, revived without abridgment—only clothed anew according to the modern grotesque fashion; and the loves of Cymon and Silvia, and the jealousy of Urganda, the enchantress, are travestied according to the prescriptive recipe. The dialogues of the Arcadians who figure in the drama might have been shortened, because of their tedious length, without the experiment of a performance. Upon the same principle, some of the dry and old-fashioned music of Dr. Arne might have been omitted. However, these are defects of easy remedy, and we do not doubt that when the prompter makes his report, he will be enjoined to excise liberally. This being done, the spectacular splendours of the extravaganza will be better appreciated by being connected with a libretto of closer and livelier movement.

The scenery is painted by Mr. Beverly, who has again distinguished himself in a branch of the art in which he has now hardly a competitor. The "Garden front of Urganda's palace," with its gauze and floral accessories, is an admirable piece of painting, exhibiting some delicious effects of distance. Nor is "The Beechen Shade" less declaratory of the highest order of scenic talent—evinced in the luxurious warmth of the golden atmosphere, which tones and enriches the sentiment. The last scene, representing a group of huge vistas, formed of circular arches of roses, exhausting themselves in the remotest perspective, with an allegorical tableau of cupids in the centre, is an imposing artifice, beautifully planned for effect, and affording a luminous finale,—without, let it be added, a spark of red fire—not often matched for breadth and elegance. The Watteau-like costumes of the coryphees who personated the shepherds and the shepherdesses combined accordingly with the pictures, for such they may well be called, in the background; and the *coup d'ail*, whenever these silken personages appeared to disport themselves with pedantic formality, was always bright and harmonious, reminding the spectator of the figures on the Dresden china, without doing much violence to the imagination. The taste thus shown in the distribution of colour, and the avoidance of anything that would disturb and counteract the general propriety, betray a sense of pictorial truth not often exemplified; and it is the universal carrying out of these essential principles that constitute the excellence of the stage embellishments of the Lyceum, and establishes a poetical appropriateness which we have never observed at any other house, excepting when Stanfield was at Drury-lane Theatre, during the governance of Mr. Macready.

Mr. Charles Mathews was an agreeable interpolation, personating April the First, a hybrid kind of effigy, acting as a "chorus" (as in the *Theseus and Ariadne*), and dealing out satiric rhymes and verses, with the coolness and deportment of tongue which only this amusing gentleman knows how to affect. Miss Julia St. George was the Cymon, looking not only the quintessence of boyish prettiness in her male attire, but playing with consummate *nuveté*, and singing with the right sort of energy. Silvia (or Iphigenia) was personated by a Miss Manners, a recent addition to the theatre, on the strength of a copious stock of good looks; and Miss Isabel Dickenson was a dignified Arganda—well supported by Mrs. Humby, her loquacious attendant, who is finally reduced by Merlin's art to speak only in monosyllables. Mr. Frank Matthews, as the old woman Dorcas, gave an inimitable sketch of deaf obtuseness; and

Mr. Robert Roxby sang the whimsical ditties of the swain Lincot with a gusto and spirit which no one could have surpassed. Mr. Harley was the Justice, and his eccentric humour occasioned peals of laughter in the closing scenes.

The applause was loud when the curtain fell. Mr. Charles Mathews was called for, when he brought on Miss St. George. Mr. Harley was then invited to appear; and, ultimately, the author, but the cry for the latter was partial and faint, and it soon subsided.

Another theatre of the enterprising and liberal Mr. Webster comes next in order—a small one but a comfortable—that over which the genius of Madame Celeste presides with such unswerving principles of management. We mean of course the

## ADELPHI.

Douglas Jerrold's drama, the *Mother's Dream*; or, the *Gipsy's Revenge*, opened the Easter Week on Monday night, and was followed by a "New Historical and Anecdotal Vaudeville"—so styled in the bills—called *Playing First Fiddle*; or, *Follow my Leader*. The piece, which is evidently taken from the French, included in its cast the main strength of the company, a very happy addition being made in the person of Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, who made her first appearance at this theatre.

The time is laid in the year 1652. The curtain rising discloses the kitchen of the Duchess de Montpensier, called Mademoiselle of France (Miss Emma Harding), in which Lulli, a young Italian boy of 19 (Madame Celeste), delights the ears of the servants by his musical genius. A baker's boy, Philippe Quinault, aged 17 (Miss Woolgar), writes a satirical ballad upon his mistress, which is set to music by Lulli, and the two are overheard singing and playing the song by the Margrave of Bareuth (Mr. P. Bedford), who conceives the idea of circulating the ballad among the Court, by whom the "baker's widow" is universally understood to mean the Duchess de Montpensier, whose fastidiousness in the choice of a husband is therein ridiculed. The song is brought to the Duchess by Jeanneton, her tirewoman (Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam), and the haughty Duchess is so piqued at becoming the butt of the King and Court that she is about to marry the German Margrave in despair, when the Duke de Lauzun, her lover, appears upon the scene; the Margrave is discovered by the whole Court midway up a ladder leading to the Duchess's rooms, and the curtain falls upon the presumed happiness of the lovers and the discomfiture of the Margrave.

The moral of the piece appeared to be that Madame Celeste, the prettiest of boy cooks, and afterwards the handsomest of young cavaliers, would continue to play first-fiddle at the Adelphi; and that Miss Woolgar, who looked a charming baker's boy, would "follow her leader." The piece is too slight in its texture to have a long run; but the splendid dresses and decorations and some well-painted scenery will carry it swimmingly through the Easter week. A scene in which the gardens of Choisy le Roi appear ornamented with clipped hedges and statuary after the fashion of the time was novel and exceedingly pretty. The curtain fell amid some dissent, but the majority of the audience were among the "contents."

*My Precious Betsy* followed, and the laughter which greeted the mirth-creating pair, Messrs. Wright and P. Bedford, was unmistakable. They were ably supported by Miss E. Harding and Mrs. F. Matthews. *Tom Noddy's Secret* followed, and completed a programme of undoubted attraction for the Easter holidays.

As nearest to the Adelphi and on this side of the water, we may next say a few words about the smallest theatre west of Temple Bar—although, by the way, there was no absolute novelty produced on Monday night.

## STRAND.

This snug little theatre now possesses considerable claims on the public favour. Among the members of its company are to be found many of our most clever and distinguished comic performers, and its interior has of late been greatly improved for the accommodation of its patrons. Besides the other re-decorations and

renovations it has just undergone, we may mention that a new act drop and a new curtain very much contribute to its appearance of increased neatness and comfort. Our only wonder is how such a band-box of a place can offer any adequate remuneration for the services of such a company; but that is the affair of the veteran Farren, its present manager, and we own that we cannot afford to waste our sympathies in any very serious apprehensions for the fate which here awaits so able and so long-established a public favourite. The performances on Monday night contained no novelty; but we had some very amusing pieces very cleverly embodied. The first of these was the *Vicar of Wakefield*; then followed Leman Rede's burletta, *His First Champagne*, and Messrs. M. and B. Barnett's amusing farce, *Out on the Loose*. The *Vicar of Wakefield* continues so attractive here as to supersede the necessity to which, under ordinary circumstances, managers submit, of an Easter specialty. Mark Lemon's comedieta, *His First Champagne*, was very well acted. Mr. Compton's return has placed at Mr. Farren's disposal a thoroughly effective Dicky Watt, while the kitchen Ariadne, Mary Grub, is impersonated by Miss Farren, a comedian who has Mrs. Keeley in her eye, and from no impracticable point of distance. The bashful bachelor is represented with infinite appreciation by Mr. Leigh Murray, and upon the whole there seems every reason for anticipating that *His First Champagne* will successfully succeed the *Vicar of Wakefield* for many nights to come. The whole evidently contributed to the amusement of a good-humoured and very orderly audience. The house was well attended.

And now for the Clerkenwell department. Here again there was little novelty, but our Easter readers will nevertheless be pleased, no doubt, to hear a word or two about old

#### SADLER'S WELLS.

*Macbeth* was brought out at this theatre on Monday night, in a style highly creditable to the management and the talents of the corps dramatique. It was given, according to the bills, from the "original text," and certainly it must be confessed that the tragedy was put upon the stage in as perfect and classical a guise, with respect to costume, scenery, machinery, music, decoration, and general "appliances and means," as perhaps has ever been witnessed in this metropolis. The characters were performed with considerable talent—particularly those of *Macbeth* by Mr. Phelps, *Banquo* by Mr. G. Bennett, *Macduff* by Mr. H. Marston, *Duncan* by Mr. H. Mellon, and *Lady Macbeth* by Miss Glyn. Some changes in the conventional mode in which we are accustomed to see this play performed were in keeping with the time of the action, as well as the supposed intentions of the dramatist. For instance, *Lady Macduff* (Miss Edwardes) and her child were introduced, and the scene of their forcible abduction from the castle was also given. The banquet chamber and the apparition were well contrived and very effective, and the witches were strikingly rendered by Messrs. Younge, Wilkins, and Hoskins. Another difference in the arrangement of the incidents presented was this, that the combat between *Macbeth* and *Macduff* terminated off the stage, and the head of the former was subsequently exhibited surmounting a banner. Locke's music was not the least attractive part of the entertainment whenever it could be distinctly heard amid the usual hilarity of a holiday evening. But we may take the liberty of telling Mr. Phelps that Locke's music and the rubbishy words to which it is set have nothing to do with Shakspeare. The only novelty of the night was an interlude under the title of *A Village Tale*, the chief incident of which consisted of the return of a soldier, who had enlisted for the purpose of rescuing his sweetheart's mother from a pecuniary embarrassment, just at the moment when she was about bestowing her hand on another suitor. A cockney young gentleman named Tony, who is obliged to rusticate from motives of prudence, and whose courtship with a young milliner in the same neighbourhood forms a sort of counter-plot, contributed the ingredients of comicality to this piece. The principal characters were well supported by Messrs. Graham, Nye, Dickinson, and the Misses T. Bassano and A. Browne. The performances concluded with the farce of the *M. P. for the Rotten Borough*. There was a full attendance.

The theatres on the other side of the Thames confine themselves to two. We begin with the nearest to Westminster Bridge—the well known

#### ASTLEY'S.

The age of Charlemagne affords many a theme for the pen of the dramatist, and from it a something has been culled by the veteran Fitzball, which in the bill is called the "*Four Sons of Aymon, or the Days of Charlemagne*," a new grand equestrian spectacle of enchantment."

Charlemagne, the son of Pepin the Small, has lost his only daughter, who, stolen in youth, leads a virtuous life as a peasant girl in the Valley of Roses. There she is seen and loved by Roland, one of the sons of the Count of Aymon, who is ignorant of her real condition. The only impediment to the happiness of the youthful pair appears to be the enmity of one Count Mangis, who, having killed the father, has a natural antipathy to the sons, and, not content with human means, has recourse to the sorcerer's art, in which he is an adept, to prevent the consummation of their wishes. But the malicious Count is no match for the four sons, who are also aided by the powers of enchantment—for their mother was a powerful sorceress—and are enabled to countervail his machinations. Stirring incidents occur, and innumerable schemes and counter-schemes are devised, but the sons cannot be vanquished by earth, air, fire, or water. Through their passions alone are they vulnerable—and, alas! the demons of love, war, wine, and gambling are at the command of the wily Count. The malicious Mangis attempts to palm off his own daughter as the long-lost child of Charlemagne; but the emperor, possessing some knowledge of the mystic, has an infallible ordeal before which all must go who claim to be his daughter. This is no other than a crown which strikes to death those who approach it with an untruth. The fair damsel of the Valley of Roses, rescued from death in a thousand hideous shapes by the gallant Roland, son of Aymon, has already stood the test, and challenges Mangis and his daughter to follow her. They accept the challenge, and, accompanied by their four families, are all at once despatched to Orcus. Odette is then acknowledged by Charlemagne; Roland is received as her affianced, and in the royal tent of Charlemagne the triumph of the four sons of Aymon is accomplished amid a glorious *tableau*. Paying our tribute to the great splendour of the decorations, and the magnificence of the spectacle, we may safely recommend this production to the attention of the playgoers. Among the *dramatis personæ* who most effectively sustained their roles were Mr. Crowther, Miss Pearce, and Mrs. Brookes; and the dancing of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, in a little ballet, was deserving of commendation. Scenes in the circle followed, of which the novel and brilliant *entrées* of the dames of the foxhunting chase pleased us most, but each scene had its admirers. The reappearance of the Young Hernandez created an immense *furor*. On the whole, Astley's, under Mr. Batty's management, sustains its well-earned reputation.

Last though not least, comes the Theatre of Blackfriars, the scene of Elliston's, and Davidge's, and Douglas Jerrold's, and T. P. Cooke's, and Osbaldestone's and Miss Vincent's many-colored achievements. We mean the

#### SURREY.

The performances at this theatre opened with the *Adventurer; or Plots in Spain*, a romantic drama in three acts, full of stirring incident. Though the piece is long, the audience heard it throughout without any marks of impatience. The *Adventurer* will probably have a long run at the Surrey, where vigorous efforts are making by Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick, the lessees, to elevate the public taste. The performance of the evening, however, was an extravaganza entitled the *Three Princes*, in which Hi Ski Cloudy, King of the I-only-wish-I-knew-where-they-were-Islands, has "a flourishing daughter" (Miss E. Bromley), called Brighteye, who is carried off by an evil genius called Kawledwun-of-the-wurster, to his castle in an enchanted forest. Thither three princes—Prince Faithful, Prince Blush, and Prince Jealous, represented respectively by Miss Jane Coveney, Miss Laporte, and Miss Daly, set out for her relief, having previously resolved to join



in some expedition to destroy *ennui*, and to gain a bride. They are encountered in their chivalrous errand by "two uncivilized savages from the — regions," who appear shaped as griffins, and are exposed to many dangers, deterred by which Princes Blush and Jealous fall in the expedition. Prince Faithful, however, assisted by the fairy Goodfriend (Miss Bloomfield), reaches the enchanted castle and restores the imprisoned damsel to her disconsolate parents. In working out this plot, a variety of striking and magnificent spectacles, are enlivened by dialogue, smart and well sustained; there are numerous and not inapt allusions to recent and passing events—to the purification of the muddy Thames—the lightening of taxation on "heavy bricks"—the price of gas, which, with the window duty, "makes light rather heavy"—the reduction of official salaries—the danger of riding in carriages with ladies who carry babies (the Shoreditch Foundling to wit)—the French in Rome, and similar topics. Many popular songs are parodied with effect. The dresses are in the best taste, and taken altogether, the piece is one of the best of the kind that has been produced on the south side of the river for many years. The scenes have been painted by Mr. W. J. Calcott; the appointments are by Mr. T. Eallett; and the whole has been produced under the direction of Mr. Shepherd. The Scottish drama of *Cramond Brig* concludes the entertainment. The house was well filled, but not so crowded as might have been expected on the evening of Easter Monday.

And so, good-bye, till next year, to Easter and Easter theatrical amusements. We flatter ourselves that we have given our readers enough for the nonce—and enough is as good as a feast.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE programme of the sixth concert of the series was, in nearly all respects, admirable. The first part consisted of selections from the concert and dramatic works of Weber; and some of the most popular and finest compositions of this great master were given with such excellence as to enhance, considerably, the reputation of the Wednesday Concerts. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* were played with great energy and decision by the band. The vocalists were Madlle. Schloss, Miss Ransford, Herr Sperling, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Herr Formes. Madlle. Schloss made her first appearance at these concerts, and it was evident from the coldness of her reception on her appearance, that she was entirely unknown to the audience. She, nevertheless, sang the grand *aria* of Agata from *Der Freischütz* so well as to elicit a universal demand for an encore—a compliment rarely bestowed upon the performance of so long and difficult a piece. Madlle. Schloss possesses a *mezzo soprano* voice of great compass and purity of tone, and understands how to use it to the best advantage. She also took part in the quartette from *Oberon*, "O'er the dark blue waters," and in the lovely duet, "Come, be gay," from *Der Freischütz*, with Miss Ransford, who made her first appearance at these concerts this season, and was warmly received. Miss Ransford sang the solo parts in the *finale* to the first act of *Euryanthe*, with chorus. This sparkling composition was well calculated to display the power of her voice, its rich quality, and its capability for *bravura* passages. She was greatly and deservedly applauded. Herr Formes sang the grand *aria*, "Revenge," from *Der Freischütz*, splendidly. He also gave the popular "Drinking Song." Both were re-demanded unanimously, but Herr Formes re-appeared only to bow his acknowledgments for the compliment, wherein he showed the greatest discretion. Mr. Bridge Frodsham acquitted himself exceedingly well in one of the tenor romances from *Eury-*

*anthe*. Several concerted pieces were sung by the company. The instrumental solo was the March and *Finale* from the justly-celebrated *Concert-Stück*, performed by M. Alexandre Billet, who evinced a brilliant and correct execution, admirable mechanical powers, and a classical appreciation of the meaning of the composer. M. Billet was much and deservedly applauded. The second part (miscellaneous) consisted of ballads, solos, &c. Miss Ransford was encored in a lively ballad by S. Glover, "Smiling faces," and produced a charming effect in a graceful and musician-like song, by Piatti, with violoncello *obligato*, performed by the composer in the most perfect manner. Madlle. Schloss sang two German *lieder*, by Molique and Lindblad—the "Schifferlied," and "Poor Bessy's Song"—the first a beautiful romance, the second somewhat common-place. Both, however, thanks to Madlle. Schloss's excellent singing, were well received. Herr Formes obtained a boisterous encore in Rossini's "Largo al factotum," which he executed with immense vigor; and Mr. Bridge Frodsham, in the "Lass of Gowrie," was also redemanded, and merited the compliment. Miss Lanza sang two ballads and was much applauded. Mr. Drayton gave Dibdin's naval song, "Blow high, blow low," and Moore's Irish melody, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," exceedingly well; but the naval songs are not at present the fashion in concert rooms, and therefore they did not create the sensation they would have done some years ago. The applause bestowed was for Mr. Drayton and not for the music. The instrumental pieces in the second part were by Signor Piatti and M. Billet. Signor Piatti played a *Fantasia* from *Lucia*. The fine quality of tone, the perfect mechanism, and refined taste of this great artist could not fail to demand proportionate success. The audience listened with the utmost attention during his performance, and applauded vehemently at the conclusion. M. Billet gave two concert studies, of his own composition, for the pianoforte. These studies are brilliant and well written for the instrument, and are as well adapted for the concert room by their effect as for the practice room by their peculiar form. They were played with great delicacy and neatness by the composer, and much applauded. A new dramatic overture, by Mr. Lovell Phillips, commenced the second part. It is a composition of great merit, worked with the skill of an accomplished musician, and abounding in combinations at once bold and effective, which were admirably brought out by the orchestra. The concert concluded, before eleven o'clock, with a clever and animated march, on Hungarian national airs, by Herr Anschuez, director of the orchestra. A German chorus, which was engaged for this occasion, produced a highly favourable impression, and may be made eminently useful in future concerts. Altogether this was one of the best London Wednesday Concerts ever given. The programme was judiciously varied, besides being intrinsically good. The introduction of concerted music will go further to establish a permanent success for these concerts than the system upon which the undertaking was at first commenced, in which ballads were so obtrusively prominent.

#### M. ALEXANDER BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE third and last of these interesting and well-directed concerts took place yesterday evening at St. Martin's Hall. The room was crowded to suffocation. The following admirable programme was performed.

PART I.		
Sonata, in F major, pianoforte, M. Billet		Mozart.
Song, "The first violet," Miss Eyles		Mendelssohn.
Gran Sonata, in B minor, Op. 40 (dedicated to Cherubini), pianoforte, M. Billet		Clementi.
Duet, "The May Bells," Miss Eyles and Mrs. Newton		Mendelssohn.
Sonata, in C major, violin and pianoforte, M. Sainton and M. Billet		Haydn.
PART II.		
Elegy, on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, in F sharp minor (by desire—first time in public), pianoforte, M. Billet		Dussek.
Cantata, Mrs. Newton		Mozart.
Pianoforte, M. Billet—Prelude and Fugue, in B minor		Bach.
Study, in G		Cramer.
Study, in E		Hummel.
Prelude and Fugue, in B minor		Mendelssohn.
Duet, "The Cauld Blast," Miss Eyles and Mrs. Newton		Mendelssohn.
Sonata Duo, pianoforte and violoncello, in D major, Signor Piatti and M. Billet		Mendelssohn.
Conductor, Herr Ganz.		

The *Élégie* of Dussek, and the two duets with Sainton and Piatti, were the grand points of the performance; but we must defer particular criticism till our next.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY gives us nothing but triumphs to record. The applause bestowed upon the *début* of our countryman, Sims Reeves, still ringing in our ears, we witnessed another success equally decided and equally well deserved, from another compatriot, on Tuesday night. Need we say that we allude to the *début* of Miss Catherine Hayes on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the character of Lucy of Lammermoor.

We need not enter critically into the merits of Miss Hayes, as a graceful actress and an accomplished singer; they are familiar to all our readers, and we have frequently apostrophised them at great length. Suffice it that the Lucia of the charming Hibernian is a performance of exquisite sweetness, winning all hearts by its feminine tenderness and unaffected simplicity. The "Perche non ho," brilliantly sung, at once established the position of Miss Hayes with the crowded audience that flocked to witness her *début*; and this, with the subsequent scene of the contract, and especially that of Lucia's madness, fixed it beyond criticism. She never sang better, or exhibited the agreeable combination of vocal and histrionic qualities that constitute her talent, and have made her so great a favorite with the English (as with the Italian and German) public, to more eminent advantage.

Edgardo is, beyond a question the masterpiece of Sims Reeves, which on this occasion was proved to the satisfaction of everybody. Our great tenor was twice himself. In the opening scenes, especially in the duet with Lucia, where he took the high B flat from the chest with immense power; in the contract scene where the famous "Maledizione" was pronounced with intense and manly vehemence; and, best of all, in the last scene, where passion and despair were expressed in tones that left none unmoved, Mr. Reeves was equally great and equally successful. His triumph was complete.

Both Miss Hayes and Mr. Reeves were recalled and honored unanimously on several occasions. Their acquisition to Mr. Lumley's establishment cannot be too highly estimated.

Belletti and F. Lablache, as Enrico and Bide-the-Bent, were all that could be desired. The opera went very well altogether, and Mr. Balfe made his presence eminently felt by the *ensemble* he produced, through his energetic and artistic conducting, in the *finale* of the second act, the finest and most dramatic piece of music ever composed by poor Donizetti.

Between the second and third acts of *Lucia*, Mdle. Amalia Ferraris repeated the grand *Pas de Deux*, with M. Charles, in which she made her *début*. On the whole, we are glad to be able to join our contemporaries conscientiously in much that has been said in her praise. Her strength of limb, her muscular power, her firmness, her *aplomb*, and the readiness and agility of her *pirouettes* and *entrechats* in every variety, cannot be too highly lauded. What she wants to constitute a perfect dancer is a more easy carriage of the upper part of the person. Her gestures are somewhat angular, her arms are held too closely to her body, and the *haut de corps* indulges in an *abandon* which is not accompanied by equivalent grace; besides which she takes all her impetus from the shoulders, like a pianoforte player who plays from the elbows instead of the wrist, which in both cases gives force but stints *legereté*. It is from this latter cause that a certain rigidity is observed in the body while Mdle. Ferraris dances, which she must strive her utmost to conquer. In other respects she is an able, nay, a wonderful dancer, and must be regarded as an immense acquisition to the strength of Mr. Lumley's *ballet*, which was already so strong without her. Mdle. Ferraris may be congratulated on her success, which was not only triumphant but well deserved, and, by her second appearance on Tuesday, more than confirmed.

In the new *ballet* of *Les Metamorphoses*, Carlotta Grisi, who dances as Ernst plays upon the violin—which means to perfection—gave a lesson in her pantomime, and in her grand *pas*, which all the mimists and all the dancers in the world might have studied with advantage. Pretty Marie Taglioni, with her charming *Pas de Rosières*, was more *piquante* and attractive than ever.

On Thursday another crammed house, and another complete triumph. The aristocratic syren, Madame Sontag, the wonder of her own time and of ours, made her *rentrée* as Norina, in Donizetti's sparkling *Don Pasquale*, and was accompanied by the portly and inimitable Lablache, who also made his first appearance this season.

As circumstances unavoidably prevented our attendance on this occasion, we shall offer the notices of two eminent and qualified contemporaries, which must serve till next week, when we shall ourselves pay homage to the admirable vocal talent of Madame Sontag, and the unsurpassable comedy of the grand Lablache. The *Times* writes as follows:—

"Although during the period before Easter there was an extra performance on a Thursday evening, last night (Thursday) was the first that properly answers to the description of a 'long Thursday'; that is to say, the entertainments selected were of that varied kind, that the non-subscribers could see almost as much as possible of the company on a single visit. *Don Pasquale*, with M. Lablache and Madame Sontag; the last act of *Ernani*, with Mr. Sims Reeves and Mademoiselle Parodi; the *pas* by Mademoiselle Ferraris, and the *ballet* of *Les Metamorphoses*, with Mesdemoiselles Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni, made up a bill remarkable for no little variety and contrast.

"The great event of the evening was the first appearance this season of that most accomplished vocalist Madame Sontag. Having surprised the London public by the freshness of her voice and the perfection of her singing last year, she now came with the additional glory of her Parisian success. The French critics have been boundless in their praise of her; and M. Adolphe Adam could find no better mode of complimenting her on her lasting youthfulness than the facetious diffusion of a report that Mr. Lumley had engaged a daughter of the Countess Rossi, and not the Countess herself. Certainly, a younger and more fascinating Norina could not have been found than the one represented by Madame Sontag last night. Her assumption of the character is especially distinguished by a ladylike delicacy, which never allows the more violent outbreaks of



caprice to pass the limits of gracefulness. There is a sense of gentleness in all her tyranny over the unfortunate Don. Her voice seems even fresher than last season, and her execution is marked by the most perfect precision and the most delicate colouring. The lightness with which she sang her first aria at once captivated the audience, and the finale created a *furor* recalling to mind the great demonstrations in the days of Jenny Lind. The pit and stalls literally rose to greet Madame Sontag.

"M. Lablache likewise made his first appearance for the season, and was received with all the applause due to so distinguished a veteran. He is still the same as ever in *Don Pasquale*, and keeps up the accustomed roar at the vanities and sorrows of the eccentric old beau. The perfect good humour of Lablache is quite on a level with his power of invention, and he no sooner sets foot on the stage than a sympathy is established between him and his audience.

"The part of Ernesto was most sweetly sung by Calzolari, and the serenade was, of course, an *encore*. Belletti was all that could be wished as Doctor Malatesta. Thus the whole of the *dramatis personæ* were sustained in a first-rate manner, and the performance of the opera was as complete as possible.

"The house was filled in every part, the pit and gallery being densely thronged, and the boxes presented a most brilliant appearance. Although the night was an 'extra,' there was all the fashionable character of a 'subscription' audience."

The *Morning Herald* presents its readers with the following article on this important and interesting double-*rentrée*.

"There was a brilliant audience last night to witness the *rentrée* of Sontag, who comes to fulfil her engagement with the lessee, and give *éclat* to a season which has begun more auspiciously than many were prepared to expect. The success of Sontag in Paris has been immense, the concerts in which she appeared, under the auspices of Mr. Lumley, being attended by the *élite* of the Parisian fashion, who were disposed to award all the honour that was due to a vocalist of such well-established renown.

"The opera that was chosen for her re-appearance in this country was *Don Pasquale*. Her version of Norina would necessarily differ from that of Grisi, whose vigorous and flashing style always came out in its most vivacious colours as the pseudo wife. Sontag has but little of the fire of her gifted contemporary, but she has a method of her own, and her interpretation of the character is full of agreeable point. The sentiment she evolves is that of the drawing-room, Sontag never caring to shake off the polite and well-bred deportment which belongs to her, both by nature and position, and hence a feminine grace clothes all her personations, and communicates the sweetest odour of gentility. Her opening scene with *Don Pasquale* when she captivates him with her modesty and deference, was a triumph of comic acting and expert by-play. Her affected passion in the second act was as bold as we could expect. Her singing throughout was a display of execution the most finished, and taste the most delicate. Nothing could be more deliciously exquisite. The mechanism of this charming artist is still unapproached for ease, truth, flexibility, and grace; and no instrument was ever under more faultless control. As an exhibition of vocal art her performances last night have seldom been rivalled. All the *morceaux* in which *Norina* is concerned were delivered with a novelty and finesse inexpressably elegant, but at the same time how bewitchingly suave and amiable! The ornaments which she bestowed upon the cavatina, "Quel guardo il cavaliere," and upon her verse in the finale, were ravishing examples of execution, phrase succeeding phrase with a fluency the most consummate, and with an effect as chaste as it was beautiful. The latter was encored. The preceding duet, "Signorina in tanta fretta," had also been redemanded, which, we may add, was but a natural consequence, for it was delivered on the part of Sontag with a playful indifference, which made the blubbering agony of her victim the more amusing.

"The occasion was further distinguished by the re-appearance of the elder Lablache. The matchless buffo was warmly welcomed. The addition of a twelvemonth to his age does not seem to have affected him in the least; neither has he diminished an inch in bulk. He is as potential in voice and as unctuous in humour as

ever, and this involves everything that need be said, for who is there that is not familiar with his personation of the amorous Don—with his diverting vanities—and with his cruel perplexities? His acting in this character is a sublime bit of comedy; and when he retires—*Don Pasquale* will retire too!

"Belletti was the Malatesta, and Calzolari the Ernesto. The latter was encored in the serenade. The recalls were numerous. Sontag appeared after each act, and again when the curtain fell. The applause she received was as enthusiastic as it could well be."

Thus much must suffice for the present. Neither of our contemporaries make mention that an act of *Ernani*, with Mr. Sims Reeves, followed; that Madlle. Ferraris repeated her *pas de deux* with M. Charles; that Marie Taglioni introduced a new *pas caractéristique* in the *Metamorphoses*; that Carlotta Grisi was more delightful than ever, although she omitted her grand *pas* with M. Charles; and that, thanks to the energy, decision, and judgment of Balfe in the orchestra, the opera of *Don Pasquale* never went off better at Her Majesty's Theatre. But these things were in everybody's mouth when the performances were over, as we were abundantly informed by many good judges who had been to the theatre, and who, like ourselves, had come to enjoy some conversation and some smoke, at a cosy and hospitable after-Opera place of *rendezvous* in a quiet part of London.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

We have to record two great events on Thursday evening at this establishment—the reproduction of *Masaniello*, and the first appearance of Signor Tamberlik, the new tenor about whom there has been so much talk of late. Auber's great work was given with all the splendor and magnificence of last season. The performance was a series of triumphs from first to last, and was on the whole one of the finest we have heard at the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus were entitled to especial notice throughout. Not only in the stirring and brilliant music of the opening chorus of the second act, in the market chorus, and in the fiery insurrection chorus, did they display immense energy and completeness of *ensemble* singing, but also, what is much more difficult for a large body of singers to accomplish, the utmost delicacy and purity, as instanced in the bridal hymn in the first act, and in the celebrated prayer in the market scene. The latter obtained a tumultuous encore, but the former was, if possible, a finer specimen of choral singing. By the way, the second prayer, although it has commonly the *prestige* of an encore, must yield the palm for grandeur and beauty to the first. The organ and choir behind the scenes has a magical effect.

The getting up of *Masaniello* at the Royal Italian Opera has not been surpassed within our recollection. The variety and exquisite beauty of the scenery; the gorgeousness and magnificence of the court dresses, contrasted with the appropriate and picturesque costumes of the fishermen and their wives and children; the bustle and animation evidenced in the coast and market scenes, the fire and abandon shown in the outbreak of the mob, together with all necessary means and appliances in the shape of stage properties, demonstrates in the most satisfactory manner that the directors have left nothing undone to render Auber's *chef d'œuvre* worthy of their promises to strengthen and sustain the lyric drama.

The cast differed from that of last year in two other instances besides that of *Masaniello*. Madame Castellan appeared as Elvira, in the room of Madame Dorus Gras, and Mademoiselle Ballin (Mrs. Gilbert), supplied the place of Madame Pauline Leroux in Fenella. Madame Castellan is certainly the more acceptable of the two Elviras. In looks

and voice, as well as in dramatic feeling, she is decidedly the superior of her predecessor. The Fenella of Mademoiselle Ballin has points of great merit. It is a performance earnest and natural, and though by no means so picturesque and striking as that of Madame Pauline Leroux, is well studied and artistically finished.

Signor Luigi Mei is scarcely up to the mark in Alphonso. The music does not appear to suit him. The fine song in 9-8 time in the first scene was endangered by his singing flat. In the fourth act Signor Luigi Mei improved considerably.

Massol's Pietro was as admirable as ever. He sang the great duet with Tamberlik, and the fine barcarole in the last scene, in splendid style. All throughout the opera his services were most essential.

Despite of many counteracting circumstances, Signor Tamberlik's *début* was one of the most triumphant we have witnessed for years on the operatic stage. He only arrived from the Continent on Wednesday morning, and up to the last moment was studying his part, the text of the Royal Italian Opera version of *Masaniello* being different from that to which he was accustomed. Coupling this with the nervousness inseparable on such an occasion, we should be inclined to make great allowance; but without making the slightest concessions, and judging of the new tenor only by what we have heard and seen, we do not hesitate to award him a high place among the greatest dramatic singers.

Signor Tamberlik comes from the San Carlo at Naples and the grand opera at Barcelona. In both places he has enjoyed an immense reputation for several years. With such a name, it may be asked, and with such talents, how comes it that the artist should have escaped the lynx eyes of the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden? To this, most probably, no satisfactory answer could be returned, unless we might suggest that Barcelona is a long way off, and that reputations made there have not the wings of such as are achieved in more musical *locales*. We learn from good authority that Signor Tamberlik some years since was engaged at the San Carlo, and was purchased, according to the custom of Italian managements, by the *impresario* of the opera at Barcelona, and that the term of his engagement there only expired last season. This perhaps, may account for the non-appearance of the Signor at either of our operatic houses, the directors of which have been on the look out for tenors a long while.

Signor Tamberlik's voice is a *tenore robusto*, or pure chest voice, of a fine, ringing, sonorous quality, capable of the most varied expression. The upper notes are powerful and clear, the middle round and sweet, possessing a remarkable evenness throughout. The voice is very extensive, reaching as high as the C in alt, which the singer gave out with tremendous power on Thursday evening. Signor Tamberlik makes no use of his *false* *setto*, at least uses it very rarely. He thus presents a strong contrast to Rubini and Mario, some of whose best effects were and are produced by this means. Signor Tamberlik's *sotto voce*, however, is admirable, and serves him instead of a *false* *setto*. The new tenor belongs decidedly to the Donzelli school; but he is a better artist than the great head of that school. His style is simple, pure, and unaffected, and his best effects are produced by legitimate means. He never exaggerates. He adheres conscientiously to his text—at least so far as we have heard him—and sacrifices nothing to obtain applause.

The cheers which greeted Signor Tamberlik on Thursday evening on his entrance were rather encouraging and patronising than expectant and enthusiastic. Indeed, so little was expected from him that something approaching to a failure was

feared. At rehearsal in the morning he did not sing out, and when he did sing at all his voice sounded small and shaky. On his entrance at night his first notes were waited for with much curiosity. The first few bars of his opening recitative proved that he had a pure and fine tenor voice. He commenced the barcarole well in tune, and took the first A *sotto voce* beautifully; but in the repeat, taking it in the chest voice *forte*, the note was so tremulous as to sound any thing but agreeable to the ears. He finished the verse so well, however, as to receive most encouraging applause from all parts of the theatre. From this cause, gaining voice and courage both, he began the next verse confidently, and gave the A *forte* in such splendid style as to bring down the whole house with an explosion. The barcarole was rapturously encored, and Signor Tamberlik, singing better and better as he went on, made a great and unmistakeable hit. He was recalled at the end of the song, and was received with tremendous cheering. In the grand duet with Pietro he improved his position immensely, obtaining another enthusiastic encore, and a subsequent recall. The power and dramatic force of Signor Tamberlik's style were strongly evidenced in this duet. At the end of the act he was called before the curtain, and was received by the whole house with cheers, clappings, waving of hats and kerchiefs, and all the signals of a "*furor*." The weather-glass in the interior of the theatre rose ten degrees after this event.

In the third act Signor Tamberlik had several opportunities afforded him of testing his histrionic powers, which he turned to advantage. He acted the scene where the officers seize on Fenella and endeavour to drag her away until stayed by the hands of Masaniello, with great effect. His defiance of the soldiers and their royal order was in the highest degree melodramatic, and he threw immense energy into the lines,

"Venite a me, fratelli—  
O per costor morirò!"

The celebrated "Sleep Song" was a most admirable specimen of *cantabile* singing, and was most deservedly encored. The first time Signor Tamberlik sang a little flat, but the second time it was irreproachable. Nothing could be rendered with more purity of taste or more genuine feeling.

The mad scene still further exhibited Signor Tamberlik's great dramatic capabilities. He played with surprising vigour and energy, and produced an immense effect by taking the C in alt as clear as a bell.

Signor Tamberlik shall claim a longer notice from us next week, when we confidently anticipate reporting a still greater success for him in his performance of to-night. Meanwhile, we may say that his triumph is acknowledged on all sides.

In conclusion, notwithstanding all we have said in praise of the performance, we have to call the directors to strict account for an unwarrantable liberty taken with Auber's score. The only effect of cutting the *Guaracha*, the Market Chorus, and the duet between Masaniello and Pietro, is to spoil the three best pieces of music in the opera. We expect, and shall be satisfied with nothing less at the hands of the directors of Covent Garden, than integrity and entirety in the production of works like the *Muette di Portici*.

The *Puritani* is to be produced on Thursday, with two acts of *Masaniello*. We are sorry to learn the latter part of this announcement. It is unjust to Signor Tamberlik, whose triumphant success such a fragmentary performance cannot fail to endanger; it is unjust to *Masaniello*, which deserves a better fate than to be made minced meat of. We trust the directors will think better of this!

## MR. GRATTAN COOKE AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—A pamphlet has been circulated by Mr. Grattan Cooke, among the Subscribers and Members of the Philharmonic Society, to which we must call attention. Those who during a long course of years have adverted to defects calling for reform,—and who have already testified to the instant and clear profit attendant upon their removal,—must not forbear, however unpleasant it be, to speak when called on by a statement of a case in which progress could not be secured without individual grievance; but in which the aggrieved party represents himself as having been unworthily treated. We have adverted [*ante*, p. 267] to the new appointments of first oboe and first horn this year, made in the Philharmonic orchestra. In the pamphlet alluded to, Mr. Grattan Cooke, as the player on the former instrument, publishes the fact of his displacement—his vexation at the manner in which it has been made—and his conviction that it is ascribable to “*partial and personal motives*.” It appears that the Philharmonic Directors availed themselves of Mr. G. Cooke’s nomination to the mastership of the band of the 2nd Life Guards (by his own letter of September last announced to them, with some deprecatory hesitation), to invite him to resign his oboe-ship in their orchestra on the plea of the two appointments being incompatible. This intimation Mr. Cooke would neither understand nor accept; whereupon he subsequently received a notice that his services would not be required for the current season. He has published his correspondence, with a preamble, in which, by his allusion to the Birmingham Festival of 1849, and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. G. Cooke clearly conveys the impression that his dismissal was owing to Signor Costa’s interference. We observe in a recent number of the *Times* an official statement, made on the part of the Philharmonic Directors, that Signor Costa is not one of their Council, but merely their Conductor, and that he has no voice in the making of their engagements. Such being Mr. Cooke’s view, and such the tone of his circulated appeal, we have no choice but to comment thereon by a few plain truths. He seems unaware that for many years past it must have been felt by every listener to the Philharmonic performances, that the nervousness and unsteadiness in time of the first oboe as an orchestral player stood in the way of a sure and perfect execution. Six seasons ago, ere Signor Costa’s appointment was thought of, in the time of Dr. Mendelssohn’s short and stormy presidency, it will be found that this journal [*Athen.* Nos. 866 and 872, &c.] pointed to particular instruments as “not up to the mark,”—avoiding specification from averseness to giving pain. Mr. G. Cooke forgets how great has been our recent advance in every department of orchestral execution—how, to name merely one instance, it was necessary to abolish that old change of leadership which one night exhibited the incompetence of Mr. Weichsell, another the deficiency of Mr. Francois Cramer, &c. To many worthy men, these modifications of a constitution, infinitely pleasing to its members, but obsolete as not meeting the requisitions of our time, must have been mortifying. But help there was none—unless our model concert was to perish of inanity and self-importance—save in self-help on the part of the players laid aside. If, in place of contenting himself with the old sympathies and traditions of the Philharmonic Society, in place of resting with a natural complacency on testimonials of regard from Dr. Mendelssohn and Dr. Spohr, Mr. G. Cooke had taken them to heart as a stimulus, he would not now have

stood in the false position of an artist who, unable to perceive his own incompleteness, absolutely draws attention to it by endeavouring to establish a case of persecution, and compels those who, like ourselves, cordially own and recognise his many gifts and agreeable talents, to draw the line between what is unjust to the individual and what is indispensable to the progress of art and the requirements of taste. We are often at issue with the Philharmonic Directors on account of their timid resolution to move in the narrow groove of precedent, especially as regards their *solo* engagements. We think their counsels unwisely narrow as regards their trial and acceptance of new compositions. In the case before us, we think that they might have done wisely by more emphatically insisting on their duty to make their band as perfect as possible, thus destroying for the future, the idea that service establishes a claim which shall outweigh defect. But in proportion as we remonstrate, on principle, against the want of generous and large principles in their direction, we are bound to support them in every measure which shall tend to improve their performances. In the instance before us, moreover, they appear to have acted with considerate delicacy, which Mr. G. Cooke has been unwise in misinterpreting. It is to himself that he owes the pain of being told publicly that there was “just cause and reason” for the appointment of another first oboe at the Philharmonic Concerts.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

MANY questions have, at various times, been asked on the subject of the Royal Academy—on its usefulness to the public—on the object of its existence—on its influence upon art, and on the amount of its revenues, and the manner in which they are expended. The *Times* of Wednesday, in an article which will, we think, give satisfaction to the public, to the patrons of art, and to all artists who are not Royal Academicians, asks very pithily, “What is the Royal Academy?” and “What business has it in the National Gallery?” It answers the first question by tracing the history of the Academy, and by showing very clearly, that, whatever it may do towards the elevation of the social position and emoluments of a few artists, it has done, does, and can do nothing for the elevation of art. Our contemporary justly draws the distinction between a society for the benefit of artists and a society for the promotion of art; and having placed the Royal Academy in the first category, will not allow that it belongs to the second by any perceptible relationship. This, however, is a wide question, which it would occupy much space and time to discuss fully; but, without doing injustice to the real merits of the Royal Academy, it may be asserted that the public, and artists generally, are right when they say “that whatever may have been the purpose of the Royal founder and patron of the Academy, that Institution has not elevated the arts, but has simply produced a personal benefit to certain artists; and that it has not improved the public taste, but has merely ministered to the taste which it found.” If this be, as we believe, a true description of the Royal Academy, the public may well demand to know by what right this private body claims a joint possession of the National Gallery? It is quite rich enough with the proceeds of the shillings that it levies upon the public purse at the doors of its exhibition, to build or rent an edifice for its own purposes. Were there room to spare in the National Gallery, without doing injustice to the public, by unduly cramming the national pictures into small



space, the privileges claimed by the Royal Academy—though a proof of the shabbiness of that body—might be conceded. But where the reverse is the case, it is time that the Royal Academy should keep itself to itself, live upon its own resources, and leave the National Gallery to the purposes for which it was instituted—purposes with which, collectively and in its corporate capacity, the Royal Academy has nothing to do. Its occupation of room which was not intended for it is an intrusion—all the more inexcusable because it is not in a state of pauperism, or condemned to appeal to the generosity of the public to give it house-room. "Instead of spacious galleries, where the public might receive instruction by viewing the works of the great masters, classed according to their age or style, we are condemned to the confusion of an auction-room, in order that a rival establishment may exhibit its wares for money, and receive its shillings at the door after the fashion of Tom Thumb." The British Institution, or the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, might, with quite as much justice, claim a similar privilege. Our National Gallery would be wretched enough in its accommodation, had it no such interlopers; and there is no reason imaginable why the Royal Academy should make bad worse.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK.—(*From Saroni's Musical Times.*)—The season is over at the Astor Place Opera, as far as New York is concerned. We did not happen to be present on the night of Mr. Maretzek's farewell benefit. We can therefore say nothing, from personal knowledge, of the speeches, the gold snuff-box, the silver goblet, or the pitcher. This much, however, we can say, that with the evening in question closed a most successful operatic season. There is no denying that this happy result is owing, in a great measure, to the manager's tact and discretion, as well as to a newly awakened feeling on the part of the public. This feeling being now no longer confined to the foreigners who reside among us, nor to certain exclusive classes, but being distributed among many, it must be acknowledged that, even as Mr. Maretzek remarked publicly on the evening in question, the Opera may be considered as fairly established in New York. Musical criticism, too, is now established on a higher and surer footing than it ever was. We trust that we may claim our share of the efforts that have been made to attain that desirable result. At all events it must now appear certain that music has entered on a new career of success among us, and that a very general appetite has been created for musical performances of an exalted order. This being the case, the supply must soon keep pace with the demand.

Some of our contemporaries, in speaking a farewell word of the opera, assert that the last season has not proved remunerative to the manager. A paper which is confidently stated to enjoy to a great degree the confidence of Mr. Maretzek, even went so far as to name the sum which that gentleman lost. This may be exact; but we confess that we are sceptical. We have never noticed any symptom of extravagant outlay at the Astor-Place Opera. On the contrary, we have often had occasion to admire the vigilance with which every source of waste was watched over and stopped, from the most important to the most trifling items. It seemed as if the eye of an intelligent master was everywhere. Nor were empty houses the order of the day (or night) during any part of the season. The subscription list was very considerable. The lower part of the house was always respectably filled, and the invariable "taken" which

decorated two-thirds of the seats of the parquette every evening, attested a very general impression that it was worth while to engage seats even at an additional expense. The little ceremony of presenting plate was proof, likewise, of the existence of a most cordial feeling between the manager and the different departments of his administration. Only in one respect did the just expectations of the opera seem not to be justified by the result. The benefit nights did not draw as well as might have been expected. Perhaps this fact has a *morale* attached to it. Will Mr. Maretzek take the hint?

#### REVIEWS.

"*England, the Land of my Home;*" *Ballad, dedicated to EDWARD THIRTELE, ESQ., Organist of Boston, Lincolnshire; composed by FREDERICK WIDDOWS, Professor of Music, Spalding.*—ALFRED NOVELLO.

THE words of this ballad are selected from the Rev. Richard Corbould's "Young Man's Home." It is a regular patriotic song, but, at the same time, we must add, one of the best and the least affected we have seen on the theme of "Old England." The music is simple and homely—in keeping with the words—but it is expressive, nevertheless, and vocal in the bargain. The melody is rhythmical, and easily caught by the ear. The accompaniment in arpeggios is very easy, graceful, and well written. We can recommend this ballad, conscientiously, to our concert singers.

#### COMPARISONS OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

(Concluded from page 201.)

First, let us examine the work of the Greek poet. From his birth to his death, the history of *Œdipus* displays a tenet of Grecian religion, in which the highest tragic elements exist. He is the victim of fatality. Destined to misfortune ere his birth, exposed as an infant on Mount Cithæron, preserved as an instrument of the anger of the gods, killer of his father, husband of his mother, blinding himself in despair at his involuntary crimes, banished from Thebes by his own children, he has taken refuge in Colona, accompanied only by his daughter Antigone, in the grove sacred to the Furies, where, in accordance with the Delphian Oracle, he seeks only his death and his tomb. Every line in *Œdipus* breathes of the sanctity of the paternal character. The misery and destitution of *Œdipus* himself is the just retribution of his parricide; the filial ingratitude of his sons, Eteocles and Polinices, is the cause of their death. *Œdipus* is not a free agent; he knows himself to be the mere instrument of divine anger—the heavy cloud of inexorable destiny ever overshadows his head. So, when his son Polinices humbles himself before him, praying for mercy and pardon, it is only at the request of Theseus that the father consents to hear him. What is his answer to the supplication of his son? A mere earthly father might pardon; but *Œdipus* knows that he is at once the victim and the minister of the divine will; and his reply to Polinices is his curse and condemnation. According to ancient morality, *Œdipus* could not pardon his sons, because their ingratitude to him was a crime against fathers in general; he knows that mere human pity can have no place in his heart, for by his voice the will of the gods speaks. Hence in his sorrow there is nothing weak or common; his poverty and exile are forgotten, and he sees in himself, as the reader Lear, on the contrary, outraged and offended, speaks out of his own heart, and gives loose to all the natural impetuosity of his disposition.

"Hear, nature, hear! dear Goddess, hear!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful.—  
Into her womb convey sterility,  
Dry up in her the organs of increase,  
And from her derogate body never spring  
A babe to honour her!"

Finally, *Lear* feels his wrongs, unlike *Œdipus*, to be all personal, and he resents them as such; and here lies the difference between the English and Greek poets, in their manner of treating the same subject.

We shall now examine the manner in which filial ingratitude has been treated by a modern writer of very great talent, M. de Balzac, in his novel, "*Le Père Goriot*." Goriot, an ex-vender of vermicelli, having made a large fortune by trade, retires in his old age to a humble boarding-house, after giving all he possesses, with the exception of a few hundreds a year, to his two daughters, who have married, one a nobleman, the other a banker. They soon begin to blush at their father's vulgarity; they refuse to receive him at their houses; but soon they require money to enable them to gratify some costly caprice; their fortunes are in the hands of their husbands, so they have recourse to the old father, who sells, by degrees, all he still possesses, to gratify the extravagance of his children, and finally expires in a garret, without either of them even visiting him on his death-bed.

Assuredly there is as great a difference between *Lear* or *Œdipus* and the old seller of vermicelli, as there is between *Sophocles* or *Shakespeare* and M. de Balzac. But Goriot is a father, like *Œdipus* and *Lear*, and like them, a father outraged by his children; like them, therefore, he has a right to our respect and pity. But in order that we should fully sympathise with the miseries of a parent suffering under the ingratitude of his offspring, we have a right to expect that the father should himself feel something of the dignity of paternal character. It is not sufficient that he love his children, he must likewise feel that it is their duty to love him, and that they are guilty before God and man, if they neglect or insult him. Nothing of this sort is to be found in the passion of Goriot for his daughters; his affection for them is unreasoning, almost bestial, in character—the affection, in fact, as the author takes care to inform us, of a dog for its master. When M<sup>me</sup>. de Nucingen or her sister close their doors against their father, or will not recognise him in the street, Goriot does not feel that his dignity as a man and a father is outraged. His children, who refuse to see him—he sees them pass rapidly by in an open carriage—they look handsome and happy, and he is content. It is too much to expect that the reader should sympathise with the misfortunes of a man who either feels so little, or is so easily consoled for them. Here is an example of that individuality of character to which we have referred in the early part of this article. That such a man as Goriot never existed, would be too much to affirm; but we may safely assert that such characters are extremely rare. *Lear* and *Œdipus*, on the contrary, both think and act just as men in general would do, if placed in the same position of thought and action.

#### MOORE'S PLACIARISMS.

(Continued from page 170.)

#### Plagiarism the Forty-fourth.

While some bring leaves of henna to imbue  
The finger's ends with a bright roseate hue,  
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem  
Like tips of coral branches in the stream.

This image is suggested, either by—

The story of Futturn in the Bahardanush—

They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet, with henna, so that they resembled branches of corals.

Or by a note to—

SOUTHEY.—*Thalaba the Destroyer*, Book iii.

Her fingers in beauty and slenderness, appearing as the Yed Biezer (the miraculously shining hand of Moses,) or the rays of the sun, being tinged with henna, seemed branches of transparent red coral.

#### Plagiarism the Forty-fifth.

Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays  
In broken rainbows a fresh fountain plays.

SIR W. JONES.—*Laura*, vol. iv., p. 461,  
There living waves in sparkling columns rise,  
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies.

SIR W. JONES.—*The Seven Fountains*, vol. iv., p. 435.  
Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,  
Rise to the sun with many-coloured ray.

#### Plagiarism the Forty-sixth.

He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury  
Is but to tempt, to try the eagle's gaze  
Of my young soul;—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze.

In one of Moore's Minor Poems, the same thought occurs—

The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze  
Sought young Renan in all her orient blaze.

It is anything, however, but original, as I shall prove by an army of authorities:

SPENSER. *Fairy Queens*, canto x., st. xlviii.  
All were his earthly eien both blemt and bad,  
And through great all had lost their kindly sight,  
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright  
As eagle's eye that can behold the sun.

GILES FLETCHER.

She was a virgin of austere regard,  
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind,  
But as the eagle that hath oft compar'd  
Her eye with Heaven; so, and more brightly shin'd  
Her lamping sight.

THOMAS HEYWOOD. *The Royal King and Loyal Subject*, act i., sc. i.

I was born eagle-sighted and to gaze  
In the sun's forehead; I will brook no cloud  
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire.

(To be continued)

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—In speaking of the performance of Carlotta Grisi in the new ballet of *Les Metamorphoses*, a contemporary observes—"It is enough to add that the various transformations afford Carlotta Grisi an opportunity of exhibiting her histrionic talent with incomparable effect. We know not in what costume most to admire the charming danseuse—whether when, as a rustic coquette, she wins the student's heart and teases him to death—or when, as a domino, she perplexes him in a thousand different ways—or when, as a cavalier, she shows herself a better master of fence than Karl himself, whom she disarms with exquisite coolness and effrontery; suffice it, in each and all Carlotta is equally irresistible and inimitable. Her dancing and acting are so blended together, and both at once so naturally and artistically finished, that she makes it appear as though as many and as powerful emotions could be expressed by the pantomimic movements of the arms and feet as by the most eloquent and searching tones of the human voice. In no ballet—not even in *Esmeralda*, Perrot's masterpiece—has Carlotta had a happier opportunity of displaying her admirable accomplishments to advantage, and in none has she employed them with more grace and fascination. In the grand pas with M. Charles (from the *Filleule des Fées*) Carlotta Grisi exhausts the prodigies of grace and mechanical perfection which she has so entirely at her command. The success of *Les Metamorphoses* was triumphant, and may be regarded as the dawn of a new life for the ballet, which,

with all its attractions, owing to the exclusive sway of Madlle. Jenny Lind over the public mind, has been of late somewhat on the wane."

**BALFE.**—In reference to the reappearance of this excellent and popular musician at his old post of "composer, conductor, and director of the orchestra" at Her Majesty's Theatre—an event which, without any obvious reason, was for a long period considered unlikely—a new monthly journal, called *The London Review*, says—"The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Balfe, whose appearance was hailed with unanimous and long continued applause. It was satisfactory to every one to find our popular countryman once more in the place which he has filled with so much real energy and talent during four successive seasons. This at once put an end to all the malevolent reports which insinuated that a difference between Mr. Balfe and the management would prevent his attending this season at his old post." There can be but one opinion on this matter. The press, as well as the best friends of either party, are convinced that separation would have been a thing to be regretted as much by Mr. Lumley as by Mr. Balfe, and as much by Mr. Balfe as by Mr. Lumley.

**FORMES.**—In reference to this gentleman's fine performance of the character of Caspar, in *Der Freischütz*, at the Royal Italian Opera, the same authority remarks:—"The Caspar of Herr Formes has been greatly lauded, but not a bit too much. We have not for a long time witnessed a more graphic and powerful representation. Every phase of the character—one of the most romantic ever drawn—(the pure creation of Kind, who furnished Weber with the book, since Caspar does not appear in Apel's *Freischütz*) is understood and embodied by Herr Formes with masterly completeness. The fate which hangs over Caspar's devoted head is made finely prominent. A man knowing himself condemned, yet clinging to a forlorn hope, is continually present. Herr Formes never forgets this, even when Caspar is most a hypocrite, endeavouring to cajole poor Max with false promises, under the cloak of affected hilarity—even to the very last, when Samiel comes to claim his victim, and Caspar, still unwilling to own that his hour is nigh, struggles to conceal his terror under a mask of audacious defiance. That Herr Formes is a consummate actor this one character is quite enough to prove. That his splendid voice would do full justice to the wild and beautiful melodies of Weber, none doubted that had ever heard him sing—no matter what, no matter where—at the Wednesday Concerts or at the Philharmonic. His grand vocal effect was produced in the magnificent air upon which the curtain falls at the conclusion of the first act—the "Revenge" song. A finer example of energetic singing was never heard within the walls of a theatre. Rough it was, if you please—rough and wild—nay, savage in the bargain; and so it ought to be. Herr Formes understands what he is about. He is no novice. So moved were the audience by this vocal effort—or rather dramatic and vocal effort combined—that they recalled Herr Formes, with one voice, when the curtain fell. His subsequent scenes were equally great. His admirable acting in the incantation scene, and his death, a masterpiece of art—melodramatic as some would call it—produced a powerful and ineffaceable impression.

**FORMES IN CASPAR.**—Formes has gained greatly in his singing since the first night; the language and recitatives were more familiar to him, and he was consequently not so much fettered in his acting as on his opening performance. The roughness of his execution becomes almost a beauty in Caspar. The poetical nature of the singer asserts its supremacy in every phases of the terrible drama: his drinking-song, so full of demoniac gaiety; his revenge bravura, so replete with overwhelming energy; his incantation scene, so striking in picturesque pantomime and varied vocal power; and his final death-struggle, and defiance of all authority, above and below, realize completely the picture of the doomed hunter, so vividly created by poet and musician. — *Illustrated London News*.

**MR. HENRY RUSSELL.**—(From an occasional Contributor.)—This popular vocalist has given a series of entertainments, at the Lyceum Theatre, during the Passion week, which has been highly successful. The theatre has been crowded on every evening of performance. The last concert took place on Saturday evening. The subjects which Mr. Henry Russell has selected to wed his music to, have great interest amongst a numerous class of the

community, and, with his manner of interpretation will, for a long period, be likely to command a certain degree of public attention. On Saturday night, Mr. Russell addressed the following apology to the audience for his frequent repetitions of a particular song—"The Song of the Shirt":—"Ladies and gentlemen, I owe some apology for continuing to bring this composition so constantly before your notice, but I desire that my songs should have a wider aim than a mere momentary gratification. I use music as a medium for bringing this unfortunate class constantly to public notice, hoping thereby to ameliorate, to some extent, their present horrible position." This is certainly a "wider aim" than usual, and it is to be hoped Mr. Russell may not hit "wide of the mark." On the present occasion, at least, the philanthropic sentiments of the audience were aroused, and the success of Mr. Russell was as great as he could desire. During the week Mr. Russell has sung nearly all his most noted songs—"The Gambler's Wife," "Woodman spare that Tree," "The Ship on Fire," "The Ivy Tree," "The Scaffold," &c., &c.—many of which were re-demanded on Saturday night, and the others applauded so warmly as to leave no doubt of their retaining their popularity. Mr. Russell also introduced some "nigger" melodies so called, and some "nigger" anecdotes so entitled, some of which appeared as fresh as if they had been just invented; it is probable they were invented for the occasion. We except the stories of the tooth-brush and table-cloth, which are as old as the hills; but that is of little consequence, they served to pass away an evening pleasantly and harmlessly, and as long as such is their tendency it is but of little moment who wrote the "nigger" anecdotes, and who did not write them, who composed the "nigger" melodies and who did not compose them. The entertainment wound up with "There's a Good Time (Coming)"—the audience, under the direction of Mr. Russell, joining in full and *ad libitum* chorus—a practice somewhat novel, but evidently very satisfactory, for the good public afterwards were zealous to display their vocal abilities in the national anthem, upon their expressing which desire, Mr. Russell very good humouredly accorded them the advantage of his leadership. "God Save the Queen" was chanted by the Concert-giver, boxes, pit, and gallery, with uproarious loyalty and generous lungs. The Pianoforte used on this occasion, one of Kirkman's sweet-toned "Fondas," was remarkable for fullness and equality—merits which Mr. Russell displayed liberally in the very original symphonies and accompaniments of his songs.

**HENRY SMART.**—We understand that Mr. Henry Smart, the eminently talented organist and composer, is expected at Clifton, on Monday next, on a visit to his friend, H. J. Haycraft, Esq. We trust an opportunity will be afforded the lovers of the science, during his stay, of hearing so justly celebrated a performer. Mr. Smart arrives here from Liverpool, where on Sunday (to-morrow) he opens a large organ built by the Messrs. Davison, of London. This is the seventh instrument Mr. Smart has been engaged for on similar occasions, in that city and neighbourhood. — *Bristol Journal*.

**M. JULES DE GLIMES**, the popular professor and conductor, is expected shortly in London, to resume his professional duties.

**MR. LOVE**, the ventriloquist, gave one of his entertainments on Monday night in the Music Hall, Store-street. He repeated it on Tuesday night at Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street.

**GRISI, MARIO, TAMBURINI, TAGLIAFICO**, and Madlle. DE MERIC have arrived in London from St. Petersburg, and will all make their *entrée* on Tuesday next in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

**TAGLIONI.**—The foreign papers inform us that this celebrated *danseuse* and her husband, the Prince Alexander Trubezkoi, have been condemned to pay 6,400 livres to the Austrians, at Milan, as their share of fines imposed on the liberal nobility.

**THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY** have announced *Elijah* for repetition on Friday next, the 12th inst. Of the fine performance of this greatest of *chefs d'œuvre*, which took place last night, we shall speak in our next.

**PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.**—Madame Schwab, the talented pianist, has announced her annual evening concert for Wednesday next, on which occasion she will be assisted by some of our popular vocalists. She will perform in Mozart's Quartett in E flat, and with Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, a "Grand duo brillante" for two pianos, composed by that gentleman. Messrs. Hill, Thirlwall, Briccialdi, &c., are named among the instrumental soloists.



**ALBION HALL, HAMMERSMITH.**—Miss Clara Seyton has been giving her entertainments at this establishment to numerous audiences.

**MANCHESTER.**—**CONCERT OF THE DISTIN FAMILY.**—On Tuesday evening last this interesting family gave the first of three concerts announced to take place in the Free Trade Hall. They were assisted by a Miss Moriat O'Connor, a lady not altogether unknown to the Manchester public, and who sung several songs with good taste and feeling. The demands on our space will not permit of a lengthy notice, but we may add that the many clever performances of the evening were fully appreciated by a numerous and enthusiastic audience, there being no less than six encores.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR . . . . . MR. COSTA.

**NEXT FRIDAY, 12th of April, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH."**  
Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss A. Williams, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Locke, Mr. J. A. Novello, and Herr Fornes, with Orchestra of 700 Performers.  
Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each; at No. 6, in Exeter Hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

To commence at Eight o'clock.

### PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM,

OXFORD STREET.

**MADAME SCHWAB'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT,** on Wednesday, April 10th, 1850. She will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—

Madlle. Nau, Miss Poole, Miss Messent, Miss Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Leslie, and Madame F. Lablache; Signor Marras, Herr Menghis, Mr. Burdini, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. Whitworth.

Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Madame Schwab, who will perform (by desire) Mozart's Quartet, in E flat; also with Mr. Ferdinand Prager, a "Grand Duo Brillant," for Two Pianofortes, composed by F. Prager, for the occasion; Flute, Signor Ercicciadi; Violin, Mr. Thirlwall; Viola, Mr. Hill; Violoncello, Mr. Reed.

Conductor, . . . . . MR. NEGRI.

To commence at Half-past Seven.

Tickets, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Three Persons, 10s. 6d. Tickets to be had of all the principal Musicians, and at the residence of Madame Schwab, 31, Milton Street, Dorset Square.

### MUSICAL UNION.

**SECOND MATINEE.**—Tuesday, April 9th, at Half-past Three o'clock.—Quartet, E minor, Op. 44, Andante and Scherzo, Posthumous Quartet, —Mendelssohn; Sonata, in G, Piano and Violin, —Beethoven; Quartet, No. 10, E flat, —Beethoven.

Artists:—Ernst, Deloffre, Hill, and Platti. Pianoforte, S. Bennett. Members are requested to pay their Subscriptions to Cramer and Co., where Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, can be purchased. Members can personally introduce visitors on payment at the door. A limited number of resident artists and members of foreign academies will receive Free Admission on applying to J. ELLA, Director.

### MR. AGUILAR

**BEGS to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT** at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY, April 24th. Vocalists:—Miss Lacombe, the Misses C. and S. Cole, Madlle. Schloss, and Madlle. Graumann; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Marchesi.

Violin, Herr ERNST; Violoncello, Herr HAUSMANN; Oboe, Mr. NICHOLSON; Clarinet, Mr. LAZARUS; Horn, Mr. JARRETT; Bassoon, Mr. BEAUMANN; Pianoforte, Mr. AGUILAR.

Conductor, . . . . . MR. BENEDICT.

Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.; to be procured at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent Street; at Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street; and at the Residence of Mr. Aguilar, 68, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.

### CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

**WANTED, TWO SINGING MEN,** Bass and Alto. High testimonials of musical ability and moral character will be required. The salary is £50 per annum.

Candidates must apply, enclosing their testimonials (prepaid), to Charles Townshend, Esq., Chester.

### MR. CHAS. SALAMAN'S EVENING CONCERT

**WILL take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,** on WEDNESDAY, April 17th.

Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Sophia Messent, Miss Bassano, and Madlle. Therese Mapper (Prima Donna at the Grand Ducal Theatre at Mannheim; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Franz Stahl (Principal Baritone at the Court of St. Petersburg).

Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Salaman; Violins, Messrs. Goffrie, N. Mori, Case, and Hill; Viola, Messrs. Richard Blagrove, &c.; Violoncelli, Messrs. Hausmann and Hancock; Contra-basso, Mr. Howell; Flute, Mr. Card; Oboe, Mr. Gratton Cooke; Horn, Mr. Jarrett.

Conductor . . . . . MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Stall Ribbets, 10s. 6d. each; and Single Tickets, 7s. each; may be obtained of Mr. C. Salaman, 36, Baker Street, Portman Square; and at the principal music publishers and libraries.

### MR. A. MINASI

**BEGS to announce that, having returned to London,** he intends giving Lessons in Harmony, according to the System of the late Dr. ALFRED DAY. Mr. MINASI will also be happy to give Instructions in Musical Composition and Instrumentation.

Shortly will be Published, an OVERTURE, entitled "DJALMA," composed by ANTONIO MINASI, during a residence in India, and arranged for the Pianoforte by the Author.

18, Granby Street, Hampstead Road.

### ROMAN VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO STRINGS

J. HART, 14, Princes Street, Leicester Square, London, begs to inform the Amateurs and Professors of the above Instruments, that he has just received an Importation of Roman Violin and Violoncello Strings, of the finest quality; where also may be had Stewart's celebrated Registered Violin and Tenor Holder. Likewise may be seen the largest collection of Cremona Violins and Violoncellos in England. Instruments Bought or Exchanged and Repaired in the best manner.

J. HART, 14, Princes Street, Leicester Square, London

### MR. CREVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

#### THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

71, UPPER NORTON STREET;

And at all the principal Musicians.

### TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

**TO BE SOLD, the PRACTICE of a PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,** in a Provincial Town, consisting principally of Piano-forte Teaching, realizing upwards of £300 per Annum, and the advertiser is Organist of the Parish Church. Terms £100.

For further particulars, address, pre-paid, to Y. S. E., care of Mr. GALT, Stationer, Exchange Street, Manchester.

Just Published, Price 2s., New Ballad,

### "ENGLAND, THE LAND OF HOME!"

**COMPOSED BY FREDERICK WIDDOWS,** J. A. NOVELLO, 69, Dean Street London.

Sent free by post for 24 postage stamps, by F. WIDDOWS, Professor of Music, 3, Crescent, Spalding, Lincolnshire.

### THE FLUTE.

**HER MAJESTY'S LETTERS PATENT** have been obtained for TWO NEW FLUTES, manufactured by Messrs. RUDALL and ROSE (either in Wood or Silver). The Tube and Holes of these Flutes being constructed according to the true principles of Acoustics, there is not a weak or incorrect note throughout the scale, but they possess every perfection of Tone and Tune. One is fingered exactly like the old Flute, for the convenience of those accustomed to that instrument; the fingering of the other is slightly changed, but affords extraordinary facilities of execution. The

Inventor, Mr. Carte, will introduce these instruments in the course of his Lectures on Musical Instruments and Instrumental Music, at the Royal Institution, Manchester, on the 8th, 12th, 15th, and 19th April; the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, 9th, 12th, 16th, and 19th April; the Musical Society, Warrington, 10th April; and Shrewsbury, 22nd and 29th April; the Polytechnic Institution, Birmingham, 23rd and 30th April; the Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, London, 13th May; and the City of London Institution, 15th and 22nd May. They may also be seen at RUDALL and ROSE's Manufactory, 39, Southampton Street, Strand, on and after the 7th May.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.



The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public; are respectfully informed that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place

**ON THURSDAY, APRIL 11TH, 1850,**  
When will be presented (with New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations),  
MOZART'S Celebrated Opera,

### DON GIOVANNI.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

Don Giovanni	-	-	Signor COLLETTI,
Don Ottavio	-	-	Signor CALZOLARI,
Masetto	-	-	Signor F. LABLACHE,
Leporello	-	-	Signor LABLACHE,
Donna Anna	-	-	Madlle. PARODI,

AND

Zerlina - - - Madame SONTAG.

In the Ball Scene will be Danced by

Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, and Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI (who will appear as a Spanish Cavalier).—Mozart's  
**INCIDENTAL MINUET IN G.**

And also Mozart's

**INCIDENTAL ZARABANDA IN A MINOR,**  
As performed with the greatest success at the Royal Opera, Berlin.

Between the Acts

**A DIVERTISSEMENT,**

in which Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS will appear.

To conclude with the highly successful New and Original Grand Ballet, by  
M. PAUL TAGLIONI, entitled

### LES METAMORPHOSES.

In which Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,  
M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI, will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

### DISTINS' CONCERTS

**MR. DISTIN and SONS** will perform on the **SAX HORNS**  
in the following Towns:—Monday, April 8th, Bradford, 9th Wakefield; 10th, Pontefract; 11th, Beverly; 12th, Hull.

Vocalist, Miss M. O'Connor; Piano, Mr. J. Willy.

**AMATEUR CORNET CLASSES**, for the Practice of Quartetts, &c., assemble nightly, at HENRY DISTIN'S SAX HORN DEPOT, 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

There is a vacancy for an **AMATEUR CORNET PLAYER**. Terms may be known on application to the above address.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

### FIRST APPEARANCE OF

Madame GRISI, Madlle. DE MERIC, Signor TAMBURINI,  
And Signor MARIO.

**THE DIRECTORS** have the honour to announce, that, on  
**TUESDAY NEXT, APRIL 9th,**

Will be represented (for the First Time this Season) **DONIZETTI's Opera,**

### LUCREZIA BORGIA,

in which Madame GRISI, Madlle. de MERIC, Signor TAMBURINI, and Signor MARIO, will make their First Appearances this season.

Lucrezia Borgia	-	-	Madame GRISI,
Maffio Orsini	-	-	Madlle. de MERIC,
(Her First Appearance in that Character in England.)			
Don Alfonso	-	-	Signor TAMBURINI,
Don Gazella	-	-	Signor GREGORIO,
Rustighello	-	-	Signor LAVIA,
Ascania Petrucci	-	-	Signor RACHE,
Jeppo Liverotto	-	-	Signor SOLDI,
Gubetta	-	-	Signor POLONINI,
Oloferno Vitellozzo	-	-	Signor LUIGI MEI,

AND

Gennaro - - - Signor MARIO.

The Grand Chorus of Masques in the Prologue will be accompanied by a **MILITARY BAND**, in addition to the Orchestra, the Principal Vocal Parts being sung by Signori POLONINI, MEI, SOLDI, LAVIA, and Madlle. DE MERIC.

### GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

Madame GRISI, Madame CASTELLAN,  
Signor TAMBERLIK, Signor TAMBURINI,  
And Signor MARIO.

**NEXT THURSDAY, APRIL 11TH, AN EXTRA NIGHT**  
will take place, on which occasion a Grand Combined Entertainment will be given. The Performances will commence with (for the First Time these Two Years) **BELLINI's Opera,**

### I PURITANI.

Valton	-	-	Signor POLONINI,
Georgio	-	-	Signor TAMBURINI,
Arturo	-	-	Signor MARIO,
Bruno	-	-	Signor SOLDI,
Riccardo	-	-	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Henrietta	-	-	Madlle. COTTI,

AND

Elvira - - - Madame GRISI.

To conclude with the **SECOND and THIRD ACTS** of AUBER's Grand Opera of

### MASANIELLO.

Elvira	-	-	Madame CASTELLAN,
Fenella	-	-	Madlle. BALLIN,
Emma	-	-	Madlle. COTTI,
Alphonso	-	-	Signor LUIGI MEI,
Borella	-	-	Signor ROMMI,
Pietro	-	-	Monsieur MASSOL,
Lorenzo	-	-	Signor SOLDI,
Pescatore	-	-	Signor RACHE,
Selva	-	-	Signor GREGORIO,

AND

Masaniello - - - Signor TAMBERLIK,  
(His Third Appearance in England.)

The **BALLET** incidental to the Opera will be supported by  
Monsieur ALEXANDRE and Mademoiselle LOUISE TAGLIONI.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Overture to **MASANIELLO** will be played between the Operas.

The Performances commence at Eight o'Clock precisely every Evening.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM FRANCIS JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers'.—Saturday, April 6th, 1850.